The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat ?

From **Wenelday** January 11, to **Friday** January 13, 1710.

Emilia's Day.

WELL! 'tis a difficult Matter to diſtinguiſh what will and what will not pleaſe the Town beſt, ſince two or three leading Ladies are led out of their way, tho not without ſome Cenſure of their being too fond of ſome of the Parrots of a *Poet*, which to oblige they profeſs themſelves Enemies to Wiſe Learning: Witneſs their Ungenerous Proceedings with the Virgin *Poet*; 'tis barbarous to engage a Party againſt an Author's Third Day, had the famous *Ben* met ſuch uſage in his time, the *Hay Market* wou'd have wanted the *Fox*, *Alchimiſt* and *Silent Woman* now. —— Our Sex, form'd for Modeſty and Innocence, ought to encourage *Tragedy*, whoſe well wrought Scenes raiſe the Soul to Glory, and ſtamps the Notions of true Honour in it; whilſt moſt *Comedies* draw Conſcious Bluſhes from the Cheek, and covers the Face with Scarlet dye. I happen'd into a ſort of Medly Converſation t'other Day, yet every one a Maſterpiece of Wit in their own fancy: One cry'd up the admirable Plot of the *Careleſs Husband*, another that diverting *Farce* call'd the *Emperor of the Moon*.—— A Third the Connexion of the *Tender Husband*.—— And a Fourth, the inimitable Diverſion of a Puppet-Show, and proteſted, that *Punch's* Converſation was as engaging as any Player of 'em all. Now I could not for my Soul diſtinguiſh, whether ſhe meant upon the Stage or in the Bed-Chamber, whether ſhe thought *Punch* a Player, or all Players Sticks and Clouts —— A Fifth, ſtrangely admir'd the eaſy Performance of the famous Mr *Higgins*.—— A Sixth, extoll'd the *Scaramouche*, and thought him a Miracle in Nature. The Debate grew warm between theſe Two which was the prettieſt Fellow —— Till a Seventh ſtept up, and proteſted, that ſhe had rather ſee Sir *Harry Wildair* cut a Caper than either of 'em. Now I leave my Reader to judge, which of theſe Seven had the moſt refin'd Taſte. The following Letter comes from an Officer in the Army, which we received juſt now.

Ladies,

'FOR ſince your Names are unknown to me, I am obliged to direct to you all, my Requeſt is, that 'you'd be pleaſed in your next *Tatler*, to inform the 'Publick, conſequently including your humble Ser'vant, whether your Society be Maids, Wives or Wi'dows; if Maids, how Old and Wealthy? If Wives, 'how your Husbands are qualify'd, if they are ſuffi'ciently Patient to be admitted in the Citizens Credit 'of *Cuckoldom*? And if they are, how well their Cof'fers are lin'd to pay for the Honour? If Widows, how 'Handſome, and what Joyntture? Now if you wou'd 'know why I am thus Inquiſitive, you muſt under'ſtand, that this Day I received Letters from ſome of 'my Friends in *Flanders*, that give me the dreadful 'Account of an approaching Peace. I Command a 'Regiment at preſent, keep a handſome Equipage, wear 'the beſt Lining, and have a mighty Paſſion for Em'broider'd Cloaths. Now I have an Averſion to re'trenching, and can no more deſcend from *Burgundy* 'and *Champeigne*, to *Derby*, *Yorkſhire* or *Nottingham* 'Ale, than I could be content to ſhoot my ſelf thro' 'the Head, to prevent being eaten up with the Spleen, 'when reduc'd to half Pay. As Affairs ſtand, I find 'it abſolutely neceſſary to fence againſt the Levell'd 'Danger, and I think no Expedient better than a Wife 'with a good Portion, eſpecially in Land, for then I 'may come to be a Member of Parliament: If ſo, I'll 'lay my Life I'll make ſuch a Noiſe in the Senate, that 'they will be glad to give me a Place to Silence my 'Roaring, and them I'm provided for of Courſe. 'If any of you happen to have this Comfortable 'Ingredient in Matrimony, you can't do a more Gene'rous Act than to ſecure a Soldier from the deſperate 'Condition of Peace. Remember, *Ladies*, there are all 'the Temporal Works of Mercy in ſuch an Act, and 'Gratitude to the higheſt Pitch; for you feed the Hun'gry and cloath the Naked, *&c.* and reward the Brave; 'for who ought to poſſeſs that Virginity and Wealth 'but him who has ventur'd Limbs and Life to preſerve 'them? Thus much for Maids and Widows, one word 'to the Wives, and I have done.—— Now according to 'your Age, I ſhall abate or inhanſe the Price of your 'Pleaſures; but firſt I think it wou'd not be 'inconvenient to give you a ſlight Scetch of my Per'ſon: I'm not quite Six Foot, well ſhap'd, clean limb'd, 'a good Rakiſh Air, and without Vanity have the beſt 'Teeth and ſoundeſt Body in the whole Army: My 'Complexion's good, and tho I take a chearful Bottle 'ſometimes, I have not the leaſt ſign of it in my 'Face. Now if any private Objection ſhould be ſtart'ed, I can bring Five Hundred Landreſſes, Corporals 'Wives, and Serjeants Ladies, beſides Servant Maids, 'Burghers Daughters, and ſmiling Hoſteſſes, to vouch 'for my Ability, and ſo forth.—— But to what I was 'ſaying before, a Woman of Twenty, with a tollerable 'Forehand.—— For as many Guineas ſhall enjoy all, 'and every ſingle part of me for the ſpace of Twenty 'Four Hours; I'll not ſtand for the odd Four, but 'Generouſly throw them into the Bargain —— If ſhe 'draws near to Thirty, I'll over look that too, for I'm 'a Man of Honour.—— The ſame Sum ſhall ſuffice, 'but if ſhe's arriv'd at Forty, the Purſe muſt be dou'ble, and ſo on to Fifty, tho' I doubt I ſhall do but 'ſingle Duty upon theſe Years; but beſure none of

'you

you exceed, for I have a mortal Antipathy to Threecore.

We desire the *Collonel's* Patience till next Week for an Answer, not having leisure to give it this.

To Mrs. Rosella.

Madam,

IT is is to be supposed a Person so nearly resembling the Knight Inhabitants above as your Ladyship, must be endow'd with every Qualification in Nature, I take it for granted then, that you are as Conversant with the Stars, and know all their Conjunctions and Houses as perfectly as their next Door Neighbours, and can read the Fate of us Mortals as readily as the Alphabet, and know what Company *Charon* shall have over Sticks this new Year, as certainly as the Watermen of a *Gravesend* Tilt-Boat can count their Passengers: How many Virgin Martyrs will fall a Sacrifice to the Blind God, and what number of happy Cuckolds will be landed on *Elizium?* Therefore I desire you wou'd give me a cast of your Art; I am in Love, confoundedly in Love, and tho' I talk tollerably well in a Chocolate-House, or over a Bottle, yet the Devil a word can I get out to my Mistress, nay, tho' I have try'd Mr *Bickerstaff's* Prescription of *Lilly's* best *Spanish*, renown'd for its admirable help to Discourse, yet I am Dumb still: I look at her, cross my Arms, shrug up my Shoulders, and Sigh, but that's all: Now I can't find that this way of Proceeding is at all intelligible to her; she Laughs, Talks, Sings, and Drinks her Tea, as unconcernedly as if she had not shot one of the prettiest Fellows in the Kingdom quite thro' the Heart.—— Therefore, *Madam*, I wou'd gladly know whether she is really Ignorant of my Pain, or only seems so; whether I may with hope pursue her, or apply a Pistol to my Ear, out of pure Dispair; for Faith I find I can't live without her, or somebody else as exactly like her, and if you are sure the Gods have made her a Twin Sister, be pleased to signify in your next (that is if you find by the Figure that the other will ne'er be mine) where she resides. Be pleased to observe, that I was Born upon *Childermass* Day 84, about Twelve at Noon.

Yours,

A. H.

†‡† *Lost the Second Instant, from under one of the Modish Petticoats of Twelve Yard Circumferenee, in a new fashion'd Hackney Coach, a* Gem *call'd* Honour, *supposed to be taken by some of* Higgin's *Scholars, who, whilst the Lady was descending from the Balcony to her Coach, very dexterously cast himself into one of the Folds of her Coat, and lay conceal'd, till Jehoe whipt forwards: She was asham'd to cry out, and the Darkness of the Night favour'd his escape. Whoever gives notice of the Person to the* East-India Company, *so that the Jewel may be had again, shall be well Rewarded.*

†‡† *Whereas sometime ago in some of the printed Papers, a Gentleman mentioned his having lost a Heart. with this Motto,* Vice and Folly.—— *He desires to give Notice to the Publick to prevent farther Enquiry, that turning over a Prayer Book in St.* Bride's Church, Fleet-street, *he found the Fugitive, but so batter'd, that those Letters were scarce Legible: but the Reverse had got this Inscription in great Capital Characters,* Poverty *and* Repentance.

†‡† *Lost out of a Gentleman's Scrutore in the* Middle Temple, *some Original Copies for a general Correspondence by way of Love Letters, suspected to be taken by a certain Lady, who is desired to restore them by the end of this Month, and to keep the Secret entire, to prevent having her Name in Print, with the Place of her Residence, and the cause for which she retain'd him; and he promises upon Receipt of those Papers, to restore her back his Fee in Specie, and with it a small Pot of Complexion to keep her in Countenance, which she dropt out of the Bosom of her Stays.*

†‡† *A Gentleman that frequently reads his* Billit Doux *in the Chocolate House, is desired to keep a Secretary to prevent his own Hand being known when he writes to himself.*

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